which varies according to one's wealth. This food must be donated by every Moslem in the community who is not poor, and distributed among those who need it. The second institution is that connected with Id al-Adsha, on which occasion the poorer members of the community are fed with the meat of the sacrificed animals, and the skins of those animals are sold, and the sum thus realized spent on the propagation of Islam.

These then are the concepts applied to welfare work among the Moslems of the Northwest. As has been seen: the impetus toward welfare activities is entirely religious. This religious basis of welfare work was somewhat modified among the Chinese Moslems (Hui) particularly in those provinces, such as Ninghsia and Chinghai, where the secular power was in the hands of Moslem leaders. In these cases welfare activities would be supported strongly and with a certain efficiency by the worldly arm, but would pertain in most cases to the Moslem population only.

With regard to the handling of welfare cases among non-Moslem Chinese, reference is made in the section on Public Welfare of the General Handbook.

III. Welfare Among Lamaists

The concept of charity is alien to original Buddhism; it has no part in its ancient teachings. Almsgiving (dāna) is the only charitable activity that is occasionally mentioned in earlier writings. It is there termed as one of the "lucky things," with which to promote one's own self-perfection and salvation, even though it has no place in the eightfold path. Later on, rules concerning the attitude in which alms should be given were worked out, the theory being that the merit of the gift grows with the merit of the donee. The best gift of all, however, was the gift of Dharma (truth). The only entity who practided charity in anything like our sense of the word was the Bodhisatva, for whom, and for whom only, compassion was the cardinal principle. Every consideration is laid aside and even meditation neglected for its sake.

These basic doctrines have not prevented later schools of Buddhism in China from developing charitable and welfare work both through the temples themselves and through Buddhist sponsored or co-sponsored laymen's associations (see China General, Public Welfare). The Lamaist church, however, has stuck closer to the original concepts and hardly a trace of charitable or welfare work emanating from or sponsored by the lamaseries can be detected.

There exists, though, one concept common to both Lamaist peoples, through which the situation is mitigated. This is the concept of hospitality. Under this concept many charitable and welfare functions are carried out by the lamaseries as well as

by the laymen. Temples frequently maintain free hostels for travellers, and one can count on any layman to provide food, shelter, road guidance, and any kind of help to needy passers-by. It is even customary for a Mongol to leave food in front of his tent during the time he is on an outing. This hospitality is extended to destitutes and refugees also, by Mongols as well as Tibetans, irrespective of the creed of the receiver.

IV. Welfare Efforts Under the Republic, Particularly Under the National Government

With the coming of the Chinese Republic, the realization grew that welfare was a public matter. Although it took time until the rudiments of an organization were set up to implement this realization, the government at best acted to the limits of its possibilities to bring relief in the case of natural catastrophes. During the great famine in the Northwest, caused by protracted droughts and earthquakes in 1928/29, the government organized a special commission to handle relief. The relief work of this commission was financed partly by fixed government grants, special loans and by solicited special contributions from Chinese cities, provinces and private organizations and individuals as well as by organizing a rather successful drive for funds abroad. The role played by the China Famine Relief Commission in this as well as in similar instances is discussed in the Social Welfare Section of the General Handbook.

The realization grew however that with regard to natural disasters, prevention work might be of greater importance than relief. One of the projects that grew out of this realization might be mentioned here, the Wei-pei irrigation project in Shensi. This project was conceived jointly by the Shensi provincial authorities and the China International Famine Relief Commission in the twenties. Actual work commenced in December 1930 and was completed in June 1932. Ninety thousand acres of land have been reclaimed b this combined conservancy and irrigation project. The maintenance of the system was later taken over by the National Economic Council.

In the late thirties this Council was particularly active in irrigation and reclamation schemes in the Northwest. It was responsible for the sponsoring or subsidizing of several large-scale projects in Shensi, Kansu and Ninghsia Provinces.

Unfortunately, there is very little information available on the efforts on the part of the Chinese administration in the field of public welfare in the Northwest, both under the National Government and under the present Communist regime. From the little material we have the general impression is that the local efforts of the Moslem community encompass most of the work done in public welfare.

/Chinese, Chinese Moslems and Sedentary Tibetans/

712 361 different from the others. All the inns and shops were in the suburb. The people who owned them were descendants of a long line of old residents who took pride in the very exclusiveness which was imposed by their isolation. Few of them ever left the place, and many had never even seen the neighboring town of Suchow.

An inner gate led to the military section of the fortress, where life was entirely different. The yamen, built in traditional Chinese 712 701 style, was the center of garrison life, and here the general and his family lived, guarded day and night by sentries! Officers marched in and out, and much official business was done, for this was an important military center and the officer in command held a high rank. Unlike the old residents, the military hated the place and seized every chance of being away from it, bitterly resenting the appointment to such a lonely outpost, and longing to be transferred elsewhere. Nothing would have induced them to walk outside the Northwest Gate where that fateful Gobi Desert stretched, and their eyes always turned longingly to the city where, twenty miles away, there was solace, gaiety and life.

712 512 517 If the men disliked Kiayukwan (Chia-yu-kuan), the women hated it. There is nothing to do here all day but sit and listen to that howling wind, they would say frequently.

[525] [521] [796] The ladies of the yamen would gather in each other's rooms, play ma-jong for small stakes, sip tea and gossip. Often the game was prolonged until midnight, with interludes for drawing on the opium pipe, but the next morning's reaction brought a fierce hatred of this place where desert demons hid themselves in dust-clouds and whistled through every crevice of the crazy [567] buildings. The little slave girls learnt to dread the days of blizzard when their mistresses' nerves were tensed and blows were dealt out irritably for the slightest offense.

[796] [574] [545] Each festival of the year was the occasion for a welcome social function, and during the summer months life was made brighter by the frequent exchange of visits with the officials from Suchow. Twice a year a theatrical troupe visited the fortress, and for the three days of its performance all the inhabitants enjoyed themselves and made merry. But it was soon over, and when the properties were packed and carts carried both actors and their belongings elsewhere, life in the fortress relapsed into desolating stagnation.

712 485 484 The third category of human beings to be met in Kiayukwan were the travellers who came, lodged for a night or two at the inns, and forthwith went their ways. Every sunset and every sunrise they arrived, some taking night stages and some travelling by day, but all were travel worn and weary....

484 712 These formed the stream of living men and women who moved up and down the great road, acquainted with life and full of knowledge about distant places. They were familiar with the large

/Chinese, Chinese Moslems and Sedentary Tibetans/

181 use it. In this little backwater town large business deals were
436 effected, but each roll of dollars received for payment was opened, the contents carefully examined, and the individual coins valued a little higher or a little lower according to the Tunhwang standard." (pp. 69-70).

423 The landowners in the Tunhwang district are mainly Chinese
181 whose ancestors were established here very long ago. The Chi-
369 nese farmers are more conservative than the town folks. The rural
241 rural pattern here is different from that of other parts of the North-
36 west. Here the farmsteads are dotted over the area, each stands in the center of its own land and each at a considerable distance from the other. The larger farms are surrounded by a high wall
(351) which is a small fortification, and inside the wall is a substantial
(342) house made of sun-dried bricks and excellent timber. Most of
(521) the farmsteads are spacious and built to accommodate large num-
(614) bers of people, for it is customary that all the members of a clan live together in their generations.

631 The author of The Gobi Desert recorded another interesting feature of the Tunhwang oasis. The record says that Tunhwang is divided into as many sections as there are prefectures in the whole of the province of Kansu. Its colonization brought men from all areas, who were anxious to honor the cities which they represented, by erecting temple buildings. The result is that the traveller wanders through the oasis as through a replica of the whole province of Kansu, stepping from the section called after the town of Chingchow to that called Liangchow, from Kaotai to Pingfan, or from Pingliang to Titao, in the course of an afternoon
(532) stroll. Near one of these temples was a very old carved stone
(172) figure of a man, which was not an idol but was said to represent a historic personage.

157 Of the Chinese people of the wayside in the Gobi Desert
485 Miss Cable writes: "The intense isolation of the inhabitant of a
(511) small oasis, and the extraordinarily low standard of life imposed upon him, produce a strange mentality. His normal condition is torpor. He sits or lies on his mud bed and thinks of nothing. Only when a traveler arrives does he experience the discomfort of rousing himself, but then though it may be cold or windy, he must leave the pleasant stuffiness of his bed-living-room, throw off the greasy coverlet which he has drawn over his crossed legs, come into the open and give the service, which is demanded of him as innkeeper. The life of the innkeeper's wife is more bare and poor. Clothing, which has some place in the thought of nearly every woman, is, to her, absolutely nothing but a protection from cold and a covering for her nakedness. The other incidents of her life are concerned with food and the birth of her children. She knows that her husband has some money, but she has never thought of money as a means of securing comforts

/Chinese, Chinese Moslems and Sedentary Tibetans/

because there is nothing for which to exchange it. Once a week a caravan carrying Government supplies deposits a bag of flour at the door. This is the subsidy granted to them, in exchange of which her husband is bound to be at his post all through the year, and keep the well from being choked by sand. She has never thought in terms which refer to anything except meals, births and occasionally deaths. Her boys may go farther afield, and if they do, she knows that they will never return, but after a time she will become accustomed to their absence and it will not trouble her again."

With spiritual senses dormant, mental powers arrested and physical demands reduced to the minimum, wherein shall a human being show that he differs from the beasts whose conditions he shares? There is hardly anything which can be called attitudes or reactions.

About the Chinese-speaking Moslems Miss Cable reports that Chinese travelers avoid any inn operated by Moslems because of the rudeness to which they may be subjected when using it. This is a very particular observation, as in other places in the Northwest, non-Moslem Chinese prefer to go to Mohammedan restaurants, which are famed for their cleanliness and tasty food. In many places Moslems have monopolized the innkeeper business, so that they cannot possibly be avoided. Even the Chinese guests abstain from eating pork during their stay, every pot and pan which they possess is considered unclean and will not be allowed inside the kitchen. This is not conducive to good feeling between host and guest, and may at any time lead to high words and even to blows. Toward known westerners the Moslems' attitude is somewhat different, and more tolerant. Cable records the experience of her party in staying in an inn with the sign of "Pure and True Religion" by saying, "The attitude toward our party was different because, though we were styled kaper (infidel) we were known to keep a 'clean' kitchen, which is to say that pork, lard, and every produce of the pig was rigidly excluded from our menu. We were 'infidels of the book' for the Bible and not the Koran was our guide, but we were not 'infidels of the pig' which was an insult reserved for eaters of unclean food. The closest watch was kept upon us as we journeyed, and any lapse or laxity would have been reported to every mosque on our route, so that 'pure religion' inns would have been closed to us. Moslems acknowledged that we were as free from idolatry as themselves, but openly stigmatized us as blasphemers, for we called the prophet Jesus 'Son of God', and the innkeeper turned aside to spit whenever he heard the word." (pp. 72-73). The Moslems who are of means like to make others understand that they are wealthy people. "Like other Tungan landlords to whose houses we had the entree, he left us with a sense that he was very wealthy and that his

/Chinese, Chinese Moslems and Sedentary Tibetans/

apparent trade of innkeeping was simply a cover for another and more lucrative business." (p. 73).

Like the Chinese, the sinicized Moslems are very much concerned with the problem of offspring. To them continuity of life is bound up with that prolongation of existence which a son secures, one who carries on the life which he owes to his parents. This is a completely Chinese concept. The Chinese-speaking Moslems cannot understand and would certainly not accept the Christian faith that life after death is God's gift, that one does not depend upon a son and his worship, and that immortality means the soul or spirit living eternally in Heaven. Miss Cable records in her book: "We talked often of these things, but it was hard for them to understand what I told them, and they would turn it off with one excuse or another. 'She is different from us', they said, 'her life is given up to God's work and her merit will secure her an entrance to Paradise'. Some envied, some pitied, some just stared and made no effort to understand, others summed it up in these words: 'Eastern ways are for the East, Western ways are for the West.'" (p. 75).

The Chinese-speaking Moslems in the Northwest, in spite of their having taken up a considerable amount of the Chinese way of life, are deeply conscious of racial and religious inadaptability to Chinese rules. Most of them are always rebellious. They alwasy think that they are oppressed or unfairly treated by the Chinese authorities. For this reason, Moslem revolts occur in the Northwest frequently. For example, the immediate cause of the the 1930 revolt was, according to Miss Cable's account, the suspicion of the Moslems that the Chinese Government was to change their age-old social and political system and that the Chinese population in the area goat many advantages at the expense of the Moslems. Up to 1930 the Moslems in the Hami district of Sinkiang were always governed by a ruler of their own race, religion and speech. The last one of their rulers was Khan Maksud Shah. This ruler died during the year 1930. The Chinese Sinkiang Government took this opportunity to end the Moslem system and the succession of the Khan was not allowed to continue. Maksud's son, Nazir, heir to the throne was summoned to report at Urumchi, then capital of the Sinkiang Provincial Government, and Yolbars, the Tiger Prince, was ordered to appear with him. This was bad news for the Moslem inhabitants. Later, a word came from the capital that the young prince had been made a prisoner in his own lodging, and that there were to be many changes in the standing of the Turki people. When Yolbars returned to Hami he left Nazir in Urumchi, and arrived in company with a band of Chinese officials who at once sat down to business and drew up a list of changes which were to be introduced in the administration of the Moslem community. The old administration

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491 Hsining and Urumchi. It should not be overlooked, however, that
[487] caravan routes (or dirt roads) were still the main auxiliaries to highway and railway transportation.

In the construction of highways in wartime, emphasis had been laid on building, renovating, and maintaining international lines in order to link the interior provinces with foreign countries. A good example in the Northwest was the 2,674 kilometer highway from Lanchow via Hsin-hsin-chia and Urumchi to Hocheng on the Sino-Soviet border. In addition, the following are among the more important highways built in this region during the war:

1. Han-chung-Pai-ho Highway: This 533-kilometer highway was an important motor-road link between southern Shensi and northern Hupei.

2. T'ien-shui-Shuang-shih-pu Highway: This line of 231 kilometers, from T'ien-shui in southeastern Kansu to Shuang-shih-pu in southwestern Shensi, formed junctions with the Sian-Lanchow and Szechwan-Shensi Highways.

3. A line of 1334 kilometers, linking Ansi in Kansu and Kurle in
N Sinkiang via Tun-huang, was planned in 1942. Between November,
*[175] 1942, and 1943 the 479 kilometer section from Kurle to Nochiang
N was completed. Further construction plans were suspended.
491 To cope with the rapidly growing transportation demands, the
485 Nationalist Government had constructed, in 1946, seventy-nine
*[175] New Life Movement Service Stations along the 2,200 kilometer highway from Kuang-yüan in Szechwan to Chiu-chuan in Kansu, in order to facilitate the movement of migrants from the interior provinces to the frontier area. This kind of station was divided into four classes: the special first class which furnished room and board, medical and postal services and caravan equipment; the special second class, without medical and postal services; general first and general second classes offered much less service. This service was designed to provide travellers with a feeling of security and hence aid the government in its policy of a movement to the Northwest.

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487 C. Inland Waterway Navigation:

Rivers in the Northwest were not very serviceable. The upper stretch of the Yellow River from Chung-wei to Pao-t'ou in the Inner Mongolia Autonomous Region was navigable, especially for
N a distance of about 100 kilometers around Shih-tsuei-shan, where
487 a steamer line was opened for traffic. The passages from Lan-
501 chou northward to Chung-wei and westward to Hsining were navigable only with ox-hide or sheepskin rafts. In Shensi province, both the Wei and Han Rivers were navigable with boats (not steamers) starting from Hsing-ping and Mien-hsien respectively. In
S Sinkiang, on the upper stretch of the Tarim River, native boats
487 and wooden rafts were used while the Irtych River, starting at
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2: Teichman G-5 (1919) 1921 AF13 Northwest China AF13

content at the present day to put up with the prehistoric means of communication which are still the only ones in existence throughout Shensi and Kansu. This absence of proper means of communication is an absolute hindrance to any real progress, and the speedy construction of more railways in China would seem to be of more importance than all the other contemplated reforms thrown together. Road building seems to be past praying for in these days of railways, but it is not at all certain that a portion of the enormous sums spent in railway construction would not be more profitably expended in the construction of a few trunk roads; the latter could at any rate be built by the Chinese themselves without incurring loans.

From Weinan to Lint'ung is a distance of 80 li, the latter being another important wheat and cotton-growing centre. It is not necessary to make these district cities the stages, as villages with inns are numerous all the way from T'ungkuan, and travellers can regulate the length of their marches according to their choice. The following is a list of the usual stopping places, which lie at intervals of 20 to 30 li one from another; T'ungkuan, Huayin Miao, Fushui Chen, Liutzu, Hua Chou, Ch'ihshui Chen, Weinan, Linkou, Lint'ung.

Lint'ung lies close under an outlying spur of the Ch'inling Shan, whence issues a hot medicinal spring. Over these springs is built an elaborate rest-house to accommodate the guests who come to take the baths, and it is thus a popular resort for the rank and fashion of Hsian. The establishment, or rather previous constructions, date from the time when Hsian was the capital of China, Lint'ung having been a pleasure resort for the Emperors of those days. The Emperor who designed the Great Wall and destroyed the scholars and their books (about B.C. 200), and whose name is therefore supposed to be execrated by literary men, is buried in the neighbourhood. We revelled in the baths, after having been smothered in dust for ten days.

On the following day a long half stage of 50 li brings one to Hsian Fu, now officially known by its old name of Ch'angan Hsien, the capital of the province. It is an immense city, of the Tartar type, comparable only to Peking before the introduction of modern improvements. In size

2: Teichman G-5 (1919) 1921 AF13 Northwest China AF13

PLATE III

485

NORTH CHINA CART INN

ARRIVAL AT HSIAN FU

[FACING p. 12]

2: Teichman G-5 (1919) 1921 AF13 Northwest China AF13

the watershed between the Yangtzu and Yellow River basins, the streams to the north all flowing down into a river called the Hei Ho, which rises in Fop'ing district and flows through the mountains to join the Wei near Chouchih Hsien. The trail to the latter place, however, does not follow down the gorges of this stream, but passes directly N.E. over a series of spurs running down from T'aipai Shan, and is little if at all less arduous than the portion between Yang Hsien and Fop'ing.

From the pass the path drops steeply through a pine wood into a densely wooded gorge running east. After an hour's march down this ravine the stream is joined by one of greater volume flowing down from the snows of T'aipai Shan. The scenery in this neighbourhood is exceedingly beautiful, the torrent descending in a succession of cascades through a gorge hemmed in by densely wooded heights. Continuing down this winding ravine for another hour's march, the village of Houchentzu is reached, where the valley opens out and there is some cultivation. Here the path leaves the stream, which flows off towards the east to join the Hei Ho, and strikes up a gully which leads after a steep ascent to a pass over a ridge some 1500 feet above Houchentzu, whence it drops precipitously into the cultivated valley of another stream flowing down from T'aipai, and reaches the village of Taima Ho, at about the same elevation as Houchentzu (4500 feet) and 60 li from Fop'ing. This was another hard march, scrambling up and down mountains all day; but the scenery was so fine and the air so bracing that no one seemed too tired, though to be compelled to walk the best part of 60 li in the mountains is not unnaturally considered a terrible hardship by the Chinese upper classes; although these latter appear so utterly unused and averse to all forms of bodily exercise there is yet a curious reserve of strength and of capacity for suffering hardship about them which was frequently noticeable on our long journeys. Our party was now much reduced in size, but it severely taxed the accommodation of these mountain inns and hamlets. Local supplies would of course have been quite inadequate, but large quantities of rice or flour and a few rough tents were always arranged for at our halts by the local officials.

2: Teichman G-5 (1919) 1921 AF13 Northwest China AF13

which, though very arduous and passing through desperately poor mountainous country just inland from the Yellow River, had apparently once been quite an important route. From Yenan to Hsian by this route *via* Yich'uan and Han-ch'eng was a distance of about 1030 li, and took us more than two weeks' hard travelling.

From Yenan to Yench'ang is two days' march, 80 and 60 li respectively. The first stage lies down the valley of the Yen Shui between low hills of loess to the village of Kanku Yi. Ten li out one of the oil wells drilled by the Americans in 1916 is passed in the mouth of a small gorge; it has now been filled in. There are several cave villages on the road, the largest being Yaotientzu 50 li out, where there are inns. Kanku Yi, as its name implies, is the ruin of an old fortified posting stage (*Yi*) such as are common on the main roads of Kansu; here the main trail to the north of the province turns N.E. to Yench'uan and Suitê, while the Yench'ang track continues down the valley to the east.

Twenty-five li from Kanku Yi, at the hamlet of Heichia P'o, the river turns south, and the trail strikes up a ravine to the east to gain the top of the loess plateau some 500 feet above the valley, runs across the level upland for a few li, and then drops steeply into another ravine, which is followed for 20 li till it debouches again into the valley of the Yen Shui at Yench'ang Hsien.

Yench'ang lies in the narrow valley of the Yen Shui, right on the river bank, in the mouth of a tributary ravine. The presence of the petroleum is very apparent from the smell which pervades the whole place, and as we were quartered and entertained on the premises of the oil concern and within a few yards of the principal well, the penetrating smell of mineral oil never seemed to leave us for a moment from the time of our arrival till that of our departure. The two wells lie just outside the city wall to the west; the principal one was pouring forth a steady stream of oil at the time of our visit and apparently never ceases doing so. The city itself is the usual little third class district town of Northern Shensi, but it is less dilapidated than most of its neighbours and the walls are in better repair. This is owing to its not having been sacked by brigands during recent years, for which immunity from the prevailing evil credit is also, it seems, due to the beneficent oil.

2: Teichman G-5 (1919) 1921 AF13 Northwest China AF13

Ch'inling Shan, rising like a wall out of the plain to the south of the Wei River, and affording fine views of its culminating point the T'aipai Shan, snow-clad till mid-summer (12,500 feet). The walled village of Hsinglin Chen is passed half-way out, and 15 li further on the valley of a stream from the north is crossed. Finally there is a drop to reach Fufeng Hsien, 60 li from Wukung, and a replica of the latter, lying in precisely the same sort of hollow below the level of the loess at the junction of two valleys from the north and west.

From Fufeng Hsien to Ch'ishan Hsien is another easy march of 60 li across the uplands, crossing two shallow ravines *en route*, the loess here not being of sufficient thickness to be fissured by the deep rifts and cañons found further north. Ch'ishan lies close under the mountains of the same name, with the loess plain sloping down to the Wei River to the south. The main road here continues west to Fenghsiang, but travellers bound for Szechuan like ourselves, and having no particular concern with the latter place, usually proceed direct to Paochi on the Wei River, a distance of 110 li, which can be covered in a long day's march. Ch'ishan, a second class district city, much resembles Wukung and Fufeng, and seems fairly prosperous for a city of Central Shensi.

The road now runs west and south-west across the loess uplands for about 50 li, and then descends by easy gradients for another 25 li to reach Titien, a village of inns on the Wei River, just beyond the confluence of the latter with the Ch'ien Shui from Ch'ienyang and Lungchou, the passage of which in a flooded state caused us some trouble. On this stretch of road we crossed our previous route from Mei Hsien to Fenghsiang Fu, thus affording an opportunity of checking the route survey, the results of which were not particularly encouraging; but as my instruments consisted of nothing more serious than a prismatic compass, with which I kept up a route survey throughout our journeys, this was perhaps not surprising. From Titien to Paochi the road runs west between the Wei River on the left hand and a high loess bluff on the right. The actual valley plain of the Wei is here quite narrow, as the land on the further bank rises almost immediately to the grim-looking barrier of the

2: Teichman G-5 (1919) 1921 AF13 Northwest China AF13

Ch'inling Shan; above the loess bluff on the right hand, however, the undulating uplands stretch northwards to beyond Fenghsiang Fu till they meet the Ch'ishan range; west of Paochi these latter mountains converge on to the Ch'inling Shan, and bring the loess plains of the Wei basin altogether to an end, in much the same way as the cigar-shaped Hanchung plain ends beyond Mien Hsien.

Paochi, a first class district city, lies on rising ground behind the Wei River with its northern wall climbing the loess bluff. It is quite a big place and evidently handles a considerable trade with Szechuan and Kansu. The inhabitants have the reputation of being turbulent and the Ko Lao Hui is very strong in the neighbourhood.

The western districts of Central Shensi through which we had been passing are the breeding grounds for the mules for which Shensi is famous, and which are exported in considerable quantities to the eastern provinces. At the time of our passage the wheat harvest was just over and the fields were being ploughed for the next crop. The endless plains of loess were everywhere dotted with ploughing teams consisting of mules and pony mares, the latter in almost every instance being followed by a mule foal. These Shensi and Kansu mules are the best in China, probably in the world. Fine upstanding animals, they carry loads of over 200 Chinese pounds (say 300 English pounds), travelling stages of 20 miles or more per day for weeks and months on end; the Szechuan and Yunnan mules, though good animals too, carry less than half as much. The secret of mule management in Shensi and Kansu is the feeding, and they are given an enormous amount of grain, which they spend most of the night in eating; a midday feed is not considered necessary, or even advisable, except on a very long march. The jack donkeys by which these fine mules are bred are large upstanding animals, the size of a pony, and very different from the ordinary pack-carrying donkey of North China.

From Paochi to Feng Hsien is a distance of 210 li and includes the passage of the Ch'inling Shan. There are numerous inns *en route*, so that it can be divided into two, three, or more stages as the traveller prefers. Leaving Paochi the Wei River, at high water several hundred yards

2: Teichman G-5 (1919) 1921 AF13 Northwest China AF13

Most of the magistrates' yamens throughout Northern and North-Eastern Kansu were dreadfully dilapidated, but the one here was about the worst we saw, being scarcely habitable, and in keeping with the rest of this ruined little city. The magistrate complained that the inhabitants of his district were poor to the verge of starvation.

I was told that the road across the Liupan Shan was made by General Tso to facilitate communications during the campaigns against the Mahomedans, the former route, which is still used to a limited extent, passing from Wat'ing to Kuyuan, and thence *via* Haich'eng and Chingyuan to Lanchou.

From Lungtê to Chingning Chou is a march of 90 li down the valley, which is cultivated but very arid-looking, and dotted with wretched farms and hamlets. There are no trees except those which line the road. The arid climate of North China is often ascribed to the destruction of the forests by the Chinese in ancient days, but it is doubtful whether the loess was ever covered by trees owing to its peculiar consistency; it is certainly quite unsuited for the growth of trees nowadays. Further on the valley becomes quite barren, the ground being covered with a white alkaline efflorescence, and 15 li from Chingning it narrows to a gorge with the path ledged in the hillside, eventually debouching on to a more fertile valley where irrigation is practised. Chingning, a considerable market town, lies in this valley.

On the following march the road turns up a side ravine, climbs a long steep hill to a pass in the loess, and descends through a maze of loess hills to a valley which leads down to the village of Kaochia P'u (45 li); it continues to follow this valley for another hour's march and then turns north-west up a long narrow defile in the loess, a weary trek with repeated little steep descents and ascents in and out of side nullahs, for the rest of the way to Ch'ingchia Yi, 90 li from Chingning, a walled village and former posting stage and fort. These posting stages, with which we became so familiar on the main roads of Kansu, are mostly provided with official rest-houses called *hsingt'ai*, in which we were usually quartered; though very dilapidated they provided quite good accommodation in the summer, being usually uninhabited and therefore free from smells. The

2: Teichman G-5 (1919) 1921 AF13 Northwest China AF13

485 inns of Shensi and Kansu, which we very seldom used, are also not bad, being large and roomy, and constructed mainly with a view to the accommodation of plenty of animals in the courtyard. I have a particular aversion to the Szechuan inn, usually considered, especially by the Chinese, as providing the height of luxury on the road; they are always crowded in between the other houses of a narrow street, and invariably have the defect of placing the *shang fang* (the chief guest room) next door to the *mao fang*, a revolting arrangement for a night's rest, which the Chinese do not seem to object to.

271 Ch'ingchia Yi was the first place where we struck brackish water, and from here on to within two days of Lanchou I found it scarcely potable. This is a very real trial in the dry season in Central Kansu, and though in the course of our journeys brackish water was of frequent occurrence, we never became accustomed to it, and found it a great hardship to be greeted with a cup of salted tea at the end of a hot day on the road. After the rains have 312 fallen the water is said to sweeten. We were warned of this, of course, but were told that the Mahomedans collected sweet rainwater in specially prepared pits, called *chiao shui*; but owing to lack of rain most of these pits were dry, or contained only a little evil-looking liquid loess mud. I believe that water in pure loess is usually brackish, but in most parts streams or wells are available in the underlying rock; this portion of Central Shensi, however, is in the heart of the loess watershed between the Wei and Yellow rivers, lying mostly over 6000 feet above sea level, and it is the streams themselves which are the worst to drink. I thought I did not know what real thirst was till crossing Central Kansu at the driest season of the year, but later on, when traversing a portion of the Alashan desert further west in early August, we longed even for the salted tea of Huining.

487 From Ch'ingchia Yi the road continues to ascend the same defile for ten li, crosses a pass in the loess, and descends 133 by a similar ravine leading west. Several hamlets mostly in ruins are passed, including the walled posting stage of Chaichia Tsui. These ruins, now more than fifty years old, 669 which become increasingly frequent as one proceeds west, are part of the trail of desolation left by General Tso's

2: Teichman G-5 (1919) 1921 AF13 Northwest China AF13

are ferried across on a small raft of inflated skins (called *p'ifatzu*), but the animals have to swim. Owing to the rapidity of the current and the frail nature of the skin-raft (a light wooden platform resting on nine blown-out yak hides) the passage is rather exciting. Inducing the animals to swim across was a long and tedious business, and not without danger for them, but all our mules and ponies were eventually got across with no worse damage than one pony lamed. The water was icy, and the wretched animals were shivering with cold when they emerged, notwithstanding the season of the year, which was mid-August. Leaving the river the path enters a narrow gorge in the mountains and almost immediately commences to rise steeply. From the river to the top of the pass (between 13,000 and 14,000 feet) is a hard climb of four hours or so by a bad rocky trail. The summit is a narrow ridge of bare rock composed of bright green and red slabs of shale. We missed the view as we reached the pass in a bitterly cold snowstorm, through which I caught a glimpse near the top of some animals which looked like wild sheep. This range is known locally as the Tapan Shan, and is a most formidable barrier. It is noted amongst the Chinese for its noxious vapours, which are supposed to rise from the ground on the higher slopes, and most of our party crossed it with scarves wound round their faces; it is a waste of time trying to explain even to educated Chinese that the air is not noxious, but only rarified; they have not the least objection to your believing in the rarified air theory, but intimate that they know better. My experience of high passes on the borders of Kansu and Szechuan is that the effects of rarified air are much worse on the razor-backed passes, like the Tapan Shan, than on even higher divides which are approached by easy slopes.

The ascent of the Tapan Shan is steep enough, but the descent on the other side is much worse, and the trail very rough and rocky. Eventually a gorge is reached, which is followed for three hours' march to a solitary Mahomedan inn called Tuchia T'ai. By the time we reached this spot, although the snow had turned into rain as we descended, and then ceased altogether, everyone was pretty well tired out; but the accommodation was limited, and the

2: Teichman G-5 (1919) 1921 AF13 Northwest China AF13

canny Mahomedan innkeeper, seeing such a large party of officials and soldiers (everywhere unwelcome guests owing to their custom of helping themselves to what they want and not always paying for it), assured us it was only 30 or 40 li to Tatung Hsien by a good road; so we took the road again after a rest, and had another weary six hours' march before getting in. The road lies down a narrow picturesque valley, in which trees, farms, and cultivation make their appearance again, and finally debouches on to a broad and fertile valley, closely cultivated and thickly populated, which is crossed to reach Tatung Hsien. I have but the vaguest idea of the latter part of this long march, which was finished by the light of lanterns in the dark, beyond remembering that we forded a stream running in various branches just before getting in, and narrowly missed taking an evening bath on more than one occasion.

Tatung Hsien is a prosperous city, the centre of a fertile corn-growing valley populated largely by Mahomedans. The elevation is about 8000 feet and the wheat was ripening for harvest during the middle of August. It reminded us somewhat of Ho Chou. Being comfortably quartered here in an old military yamen, we enjoyed a welcome day's rest. Tatung Hsien is also known locally by its old name of Maopeisheng, and usually appears on foreign maps under that name in various guises. If a traveller in China, unacquainted with Chinese characters and their usual romanisation, writes down the names of places as they sound to his ear, the results are often unrecognizable; further confusion is entailed by the varying forms of romanisation in use in different European languages. There are several townships called Tatung in Western Kansu; they are sometimes distinguished by being referred to as Tatung Hsien, Nan Tatung, Pei Tatung, and Hsi Tatung, but confusion often results.

From Tatung to Hsining is a distance of 110 li by a good cart track down a fertile and well-cultivated valley past numerous farms and villages. The march may be divided into two by halting at the walled township of Hsin Ch'eng, 40 li out, where the valley narrows to a defile and is barred by an old wall with a gate and the inevitable likin barrier. This is considered by some to be a branch of the Great

2: Teichman G-5 (1919) 1921 AF13 Northwest China AF13

devils, and the circumambulation of the monastery by the figure of the coming Buddha seated in a car drawn by an elephant, in this case a mock one. The extent of Asia covered by that curious form of Buddhism known as Tibetan Lamaism is very large, stretching as it does from the northern frontiers of India to the southern borders of Siberia, and from Ladak to the confines of Manchuria.

Kueihua Ch'eng is another busy commercial town serving a hinterland extending to Kashgar, Kobdo, Ili, and Uliassutai. Near by lies the old Manchu garrison fortress of Suiyuan, which gives its name to the new territory of Suiyuan; the latter includes parts of Inner Mongolia and Northern Shansi, and has its counterpart further east in the territory of Chahar, comprising portions of Eastern Inner Mongolia and the Kalgan and Jehol regions of Chihli. These territories are administered on military lines. Kueihua is a good starting-point for a big-game shooting trip into the mountains further north, where remarkably fine sheep, a sort of *Ovis argali*, and wapiti can be secured, as well as the roe-deer and goral common in North China. With the Kalgan railway extension pushing on towards Kueihua, this is some of the best and most accessible big game ground in China nowadays.

We changed our carts at Kueihua Ch'eng and hired new ones to take us through the mountains to railhead at Feng Chen, distant four long marches. The first stage is a march of 90 li to the mountain village of Shihjen Wan, the trail continuing east across the plain for six or seven hours and then running up a shallow valley for the rest of the way. Many of the higher mountain slopes were snow-clad, though the season of the year was only late September. On the following day another long march of 90 li up a valley and over a low pass brought us to the hamlet of Wuli Pa, lying on a sort of plateau of moorland country, the beginning of the grass lands of Eastern Inner Mongolia. It snowed heavily most of the day and we arrived cold, wet, and tired to find the roughest of accommodation in a large cart inn. The third stage is still longer, called 110 li, to the village of T'iench'eng Ts'un, but the trail lying partly across grass country one can travel fast. The road descends through flat open valleys to a lake, where good wild-fowl shooting

3:Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927
AF13 Northwest China AF13

rouse, and together they will then join the Shensi sitter, when, their band being complete, they will accomplish their long-appointed mission of raising mankind. 773

At nightfall we passed the Kansu border. The first incident which made us aware of this fact was an official proclamation with the two Chinese ideographs, meaning Kansu, heading it. Simultaneously the character of the road changed, and we found ourselves moving in the darkness through an avenue of stately trees, our hearts beating high, for we had now reached the Province indicated on our 'Sealed Orders,' although we knew not as yet the locality to which we were going. 491

That night, our first in Kansu, our bed was in a stable. Merely a cave hollowed out of the loess-cliff, it held a little mud *kang*,[1] on which the travelling carter was wont to sleep while the mules fed at his side. The walls were black with the dirt of generations, the floor was littered with damp stable-manure, and our hand-luggage was laid in the manger. The door was a low, irregular aperture; no opening had been left for a window; the flicker of the linseed-oil lamp filled the cave with heavy shadows, and though the night was very cold the *kang* had not been warmed. 485

We had often tried to picture the real conditions of the inn at Bethlehem, and it seemed to us that night that we had come much nearer to their realisation.

By the side of our cave, raised three feet from the ground, was a small hollowed recess, about the size of a large baker's oven. The opening was screened by a filthy, hanging rag, and within lay three men, tasting the sensuous enjoyment of the opium pipe. The space was so small that the feet of the smokers were thrust outside, and though the night was bitter and their 276

[1] A brick or mud bed heated with a fire.

3:Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927
AF13 Northwest China AF13

that two hundred thousand people had perished in the disaster.

Before reaching Lanchow we crossed a wide river by means of a well-built and handsome bridge, which had also been constructed with famine relief funds, and which now provided the means for saving scores of lives, a heavy yearly toll having hitherto been exacted by the treacherous mountain torrent.

On leaving the town of Tsingningchow we travelled for seven days before touching another Mission station —a tremendous gap in the chain, so it seemed to us in those days, unused as we were then to the wider horizons of the Great North-West. Half-way stood the little market-town of Anting, to which Mission authorities had directed our attention as the possible goal of our quest; but as we walked through its streets with every perception alert, we felt the firm conviction that our appointed destination lay still farther ahead.

One of our litter-men was a Moslem—proud and cantankerous, as all of his kind. A somewhat grimy, white, woollen cap was the badge of his belief, and at brief intervals he would raise his head and sing a wild snatch of the 'Song of the Wandering Dove,' a weird melody greatly loved by the men of his race, and sung by them in eulogy of home when on a journey, the barbaric intervals of which produced a most dramatic effect in those lonely gullies. An altercation frequently arose between this man and the others, on the subject of the choice between Moslem or Gentile inns, the former being distinguished by the painted sign of a teapot, and the mystic words: 'KIAO MEN' (member of the assembly). The boasted 'cleanliness' of the Moslem inn is, however, not visible to the naked eye, but manifests itself otherwise, namely, in endless bickerings with the travellers on matters of purification connected

3:Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927
AF13 Northwest China AF13

with material or cooking utensils. The suspicious atmosphere created was always most irksome to us, feeling as we did that our cleanliness much exceeded the demands made by these self-righteous Pharisees.

The *kang* on which we slept was of a different construction from those we had met with elsewhere, this being due to the fact that the only fuel obtainable on this journey is animal droppings. These *kangs* were covered with movable boards, under which a hollow space is left for piling up the dry horse-dung, which, once set alight, will smoulder for hours. The fumes are laden with a nauseating smell, which so permeates the traveller's bedding and clothing as to be noticeable for weeks. These same fumes produce an extraordinary effect on the woodwork of the room, which rapidly gains a surface equal in colour and polish to the best old oak. The clothes of the people had now changed from indigo-dyed cotton to undyed sheep's wool. In every hamlet the older men sat in the sun spinning yarn, or knitting socks for themselves on two needles; this is accomplished by means of a diagonal down the centre of the foot and a seam at the back. The better-dressed boys wore garments of white felt. No seam was necessary in the whole coat, as it was shaped in the making to the size and form of the wearer. The felt is home-made, and many times we saw men treading out the macerated wool which is moulded to the shape required and dried in the sun. Shoes, coats and hats are made in this way, and whole villages are given up to the industry.

Lanchow, the capital of Kansu, is reached through a maze of narrow gullies. It is beautifully situated on the swift-flowing Yellow River, and is backed by the Blue Lotus Hills. Its streets are wide and crowded, and its population cosmopolitan. A splendid iron

3:Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927
AF13 Northwest China AF13

of which the eastern suburb has become the centre of business with Turkestan merchants, who are all Moslems.

On approaching the city we passed a lovely temple retaining the old title of 'the Spring of Wine.' Its grounds still contain a reedy basin wherein sparkling waters continually bubble forth.

Through the great gate we entered this eastern suburb, a far more un-Chinese settlement than anything we had hitherto seen. At the inn doors stood groups of travellers clad in wadded coats of striped cotton, with loose trousers stuffed into high leather boots. They wore a species of turban, to which they owe the Chinese name of 'Chantow,' meaning 'Bound head.' Many had brown curly beards, but several were of a fair complexion with reddish hair and beard. They spoke a language utterly unknown to us, which we learned later was Turki, and has no resemblance to Chinese.

On the stalls cotton materials were on show, hand-woven in Turkestan, with patterns and colours totally unlike Chinese goods; rugs, too, and gorgeous saddle-bags, while many a Chantow sat by great mounds of dried sultanas, apricots, and plaited strips of dried melon.

The dome and crescent of a whitewashed mosque[1] now appeared, and as we passed its doors a crowd of young Moslem schoolboys ran out. They had been studying Arabic and the Koran under the tuition of the 'Ahung.' All were strikingly goodlooking, but had an air of haughty arrogance never seen in Chinese scholars.

Every smithy was busy shoeing magnificent horses, and all the inns were overflowing, the east suburb being the halting-ground where every traveller rests himself and his beasts, provisions himself for the exacting journey ahead, and repairs his carts and changes their

[1] [In Suchow-- Analyst]

3:Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927
AF13 Northwest China AF13

axles, since the gauge required for the desert is a foot wider than that used in the provinces of North China.

The first night was spent in a very cold, damp, north room of a noisy, dirty and crowded inn. The next day, however, we secured the use of a small private court, containing an apartment with a tiny kitchen, where our servant was able to prepare the meals. This small court had been built by a Kashgar merchant, whose business necessitated frequent journeys to Suchow, Hankow and Peking. A few years previously, a deal in business involved him in a transaction through which he incurred the displeasure of a high official, the result being that he was placed under arrest, and forced to reside in that portion of a Chinese prison corresponding to the old English 'Debtors' Gaol.' No trial had taken place, and consequently no judgment had ever been passed on him. Any representations that he might make had been bandied from court to court, as each successive official refused either to investigate the case, or to take any action which might bring upon himself the wrath of some other notable, from whom depended the tenure of his own office. When we reached Suchow, Mr. Li's imprisonment, now ancient history, was merely nominal, and he was free to come and go at pleasure, provided he did not leave the precincts of the town. He was one of our first visitors, and we found him to be a man of alert mentality, and of great knowledge of the world. His morals and general outlook were those of Islam, to which he had added under the stress of trouble the Chinese vice of opium-smoking. He seemed, however, much pleased that we should be occupying his premises, and urged us not to hesitate to report to him if the manager failed to make us as comfortable as possible.

The news of our arrival spread rapidly through the

3:Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927
AF13 Northwest China AF13

we were
•485 however, obliged the next night at 1 a.m. to pass the same spot[1]—one lonely shed inhabited by an old man, who provides boiling water for passers-by. But on this occasion he would not permit us a moment's delay, and urged us to proceed to our destination with all possible speed ; which, needless to say, we did.

CHAPTER XXII

JADE GATE TO TUNHWANG

712 FIVE days' journey from Kiayükwan the traveller
174 sees on the farthest horizon a light, elegant tower rising high above the city wall. This is Yümen—' Jade Gate ' —through which he passes to Central Asia, and which being visible from a very great distance, is the one dominant feature of the beautiful little town of the same name.

Ancient records dating back to 104 B.C. speak of Yümenkwan—' Jade Barrier '—as terminating the line of guard-houses which were planted at intervals from Chiuchüan—Ancient Suchow—in a north-westerly direction on the Kansu border. A great deal of research has been made by Sir Aurel Stein as well as by other *savants* to elucidate the exact position held by this particular fort. Sir Aurel Stein places it beyond Tunhwang, one hundred and thirty miles west of the little town which now bears its name, while others believe this elusive gate to have been no other than the original structure of Kiayükwan which is, all agree, the modern equivalent of the ancient Barrier. Local opinion, however, confirms Breitshneider's assertion that the modern Yümen is built on the site of the ancient Jade Gate.

1 [outside the village of Chikinpu--Analyst]

3:Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927
AF13 Northwest China AF13

CHAPTER XXIII

THE OASIS OF TUNHWANG

TUNHWANG is, in the opinion of the inhabitants of neighbouring cities, so gay a place as to merit the name of 'Little Peking,' but as four days particularly hard travelling separate it from Ansi, which is the nearest town, we were warned of hardship ahead in getting there. We were therefore advised to fill every available bottle, to carry a sack of bread and one of flour, and to occupy every space left, with feed for the animals. On leaving Ansi we made a straight line for a long volcanic range which we had already sighted on coming, and which we now followed the whole way. The aspect of these hills was different every hour, seeming now near, now far, and blue, purple, or silver-grey, according to the course of the sun. They were bare of all vegetation, and scored by innumerable watercourses, which disappeared into a gently-sloping, barren, gravel plateau. The so-called inn, which marked each stage, was but a rude shelter inhabited by two men, and the only water was a brackish well. The last night was the hardest of all. The road had stretched over an expanse of salt, glittering in the star-light. We had expected a good rest when we reached the inn, but on arriving were told that the fodder supply being now nearly exhausted, there would not be enough left for another feed, so we must leave in four hours' time, if the mules were to have strength left to pull us through the deep sand now lying ahead. Accordingly, after a brief halt we started, and at 4 a.m., chilled to the bone by the biting wind, and utterly weary for want of sleep, we felt almost at the end of our powers. The

3:Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927 AF13 Northwest China AF13
~~Sinkiang AJ-1~~

000 standstill, since 'He that regardeth the wind shall not sow.' Accustomed as we were to discounting street talk, a strong instinct yet told us that, this time, we were up against a real danger in the matter of the Sinkiang frontier, and though for the moment we said no more to the young men, we deeply desired to be given a clear indication to guide us.

Some days later, when we were in the town of Santaokow, Mr. Tu suddenly complained of severe pain, and in a few hours it was evident that he was in for a sharp attack of appendicitis. We did what was possible to alleviate his terrible sufferings, but for forty-eight hours we had no idea which way the illness would turn, and our anxiety was extreme. After this time, however, his condition improved, but it was clear to the whole party that it would be madness to attempt a desert journey with a man in this condition, so finally it was decided to send him back to Suchow, escorted by two of the students. It was very pathetic to see the disappointment of the men, but when we ourselves actually reached the frontier we then realised from what a truly terrible fate this incident in all probability saved them, and at least they had had all the satisfaction of completing the preaching tour to the cities within the Kansu border. Those who remained with us were older men, and would, we knew, be regarded as our necessary personal escort.

●485 From Yümen to Ansi we were travelling over
579 familiar ground, and at every stage of the way there was always some friend to greet us. We also tried to stay at the same inns as on previous visits, for the Chinese are warmhearted towards those who are known to them, and all the small resources of the inn were at once placed at our disposal on the ground that we were old friends, and sometimes our stay in the

3:Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927 AF13 Northwest China AF13
~~Sinkiang AI-1~~

house had proved to bring a blessing, so we were welcomed accordingly. On one occasion, to our joy the innkeeper's wife assured us that she had never once touched the opium-pipe since our last visit, for we had told her distinctly that this *must* go if she would serve God. Then, too, the stages seemed easier, from the fact of their familiarity, as we now knew when to look out for a deserted city, or a clump of trees, or a rushing stream, or a sandy waste. We passed with even more wonder than formerly the site of the buried city of Pulungki, and marvelled once again that so extensive a town could have been recaptured by the Gobi till from being a busy habitation of men it had become the haunt of wolves.

There is a certain ancient river-bed a few miles out from Santaokow, which must hold some considerable underground water supply, since groves of fine trees border it, among which was a large-leafed willow growing to the size and shape of an English oak. The villagers had also effected an arboreal experiment there which was new to us, for we saw large plantations of young willows grafted with poplar, and they told us that by this means they produced a very useful tree, having the quick-growing properties of the willow together with the superior wood of the poplar.

As on former occasions our journeys were taken by night, but being midsummer the hours of darkness were brief, and we had the benefit of a long evening as well as of an early dawn, which enabled us to take more note of our surroundings. Ansi seemed more deeply submerged in the encroaching sands than even before. One more winter of sandstorms had passed over it, and its population bore the impress of yet another winter of opium indulgence. Our inn rooms seemed more than usually gloomy and filthy, while over the

3:Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927 AF13 Northwest China AF13
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efforts. The road here was also quite deserted, as the rigid policy of the Governor had closed it to travellers, and the caravans which normally move up and down this trade-route had vanished. Once, however, we passed a pedestrian, who begged us, as though asking for gold, that we would grant him a drink of water, which of course we did, and afterwards at 10 a.m., thrown across the line of cart-ruts, we came upon the body of another man. A low stick supporting a little bundle of sheepskin threw a patch of shade over his head and served as a signal to passers-by. At first it was not evident if he were dead or alive, but one of the men raised him by the shoulders, whereupon he opened his eyes and murmured, 'A drink of water and I am your slave for life!' We held a cup to his lips, and when he had drunk he somewhat revived, and begging for more, repeated, 'Your slave for life!' We were still many miles from our destination, and our head carter called us aside. 'The man is dying,' he said; 'he is too weak to walk; we can spare neither water nor time. We must press on or we shall lose our mules.' The Christian men were desirous to help, but they also reminded us that if we took him on with us he might die, and thereby involve us in certain complications.

'Nothing will induce us to leave a dying man to his fate!' was our answer; and then seeing that the poor fellow was unable even to stand on his feet, we made room for him in the front of our own cart, while we took it in turns to walk so that the load need not be increased.

At 1.30 p.m. our mules sighted a few blades of green grass, and realising that water was at hand, Molly first gave the signal, lifting her head with a loud neigh! Every beast then summoned its dwindling store of energy, and a few minutes later we pulled into the inn court. The innkeeper at once took our sick man to

3:Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927 AF13 Northwest China AF13
~~Sinkiang AJ-1~~

his own room and cared for him, and the subsequent doings of the day for the remainder of the party are best described in the words of the diary, written at the time: 'Ate, slept, got up, and ate again; then back to bed for the night.'

The oasis of Petuntz—'White Tower'—formed a green patch in the arid surroundings. A delightful-looking stream gushed from the cliff and ran into a tiny canal which watered a patch of wheat and a small field of the opium-poppy in full bloom, which raised in us the hope for vegetables, but we found the water to be too alkaline to permit their growth. This property of the water we had, however, already discovered for ourselves, for our first instinct on arrival had been to run to the crystal spring and drink deeply from it; it was, however, a most disappointing experiment, so that here we had to take our first lesson in self-control as regards drinking, for the advice of experienced travellers is: 'Where the water is brackish, drink the least possible, as the more you drink the more parched will be your mouth!' It was now we learnt the bitter lesson that that delicious beverage known to us as 'tea' became in these places only a noxious infusion of tannin which left our lips dry, cracked and black. We found the only palatable way of dealing with desert water was to boil dough-strings in it, the flour and water absorbing the salts. We also, as well as all other caravans, carried certain drugs to administer to the mules as required, serious illness being frequently caused by their inability to assimilate the unaccustomed qualities of the water, human beings, however, as well as beasts who spend long periods in these parts, become at length accustomed to it, and cease to notice its bitterness.

The life of the few families forming these settlements

3:Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927 AF13 Northwest China AF13
~~Sinkiang AI-1~~

is dreary beyond words. The visit of a traveller is their only touch with the outer world, and though in ordinary times and at certain seasons the caravans pass to and fro in large numbers, yet there are many months of wintry weather when there is scarcely a human being on the road.[1] No wonder, then, that their most valued possession is the harvest reaped from the field of opium, which supplies them with their sole luxury of life. Here, as in every other place, we visited each family, sat with them, talked with them, proclaimed Christ as Saviour and King, and on leaving saw to it that each family had now some Christian literature, which we hoped would be read during the long and dreary Gobi winter days and nights. Also before we left Petuntz we had an interesting interview with the man whose life we had saved. We found him to be only twenty-eight years of age, a native of Hangchow in Shensi, very well educated, and also that he had with him sufficient money for all his expenses, having come to 'Kow Wai' hoping to secure a good post. His gratitude to our party knew no bounds, and the villagers kept reiterating to him how lucky he was to have been picked up, as during these weeks when the roads were almost deserted, already several pedestrians had been found dead from thirst.

We left at sunset for the next stage, which was to Hungliuyüan—'The Park of Tamarisks'—a charming though deceptive name, and we reached it over ground which by night could have been mistaken for snowfields, the alkali deposit lying in a thick crust on the surface and making it soft and spongy. There were only four souls in Hungliuyüan, namely, one man employed as courier by the post-office, and a woman and her two sons. Of the three inns, two had been abandoned by their owners, who found they could make

[1] [Residents of Petuntz -- Analyst]

3:Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927 AF13 Northwest China AF13
Sinkiang AF 1

485 no profit under the present conditions.[1] A petition had been addressed by the innkeepers to the Governor, bringing to his notice the fact that unless they were granted a sufficient government subsidy, they, too, would return to the city, in which case the road would become impassable to travellers, there being no one left to collect the necessary fuel for their use, nor anyone to keep the well clear of sand. In this locality we were 133 among low, bare hills of a dark and threatening appear- 491 ance. They were formed of a rock of a deep purple colour, their surface being covered with loose fragments which were constantly breaking away under the influence of the weather, and the ridges presented a sharp, spiked outline. We observed also traces of a greenish granite, while in places the ground was covered with small pieces of white porphyry which looked as though a slight snowstorm had fallen.

491 Our next stopping-place was Tachüan—'Great 494 Spring'—and from thence we came on to Malienking—'The Iris Well.' We here had been overtaken by a party of travellers from the province of Honan, an official hurrying to Kuche on the Kashgar road, to take over the seals of office from a Mandarin who was seriously ill. For several days we kept together, greatly to our advantage, as Mr. Yüan had excellent animals and was travelling very light, so that at each stage he got ahead of us and kindly gave warning of our arrival, with instructions that a room should be swept for us and fodder prepared for the animals. On 000 several occasions this courteous gentleman slept in his cart in order that we might have the use of the only guest-room, and each day he and his suite joined us at family worship (his tall Moslem carter standing on the fringe of the little group, signifying his approval as we read the Scriptures), all reverently bowing in prayer

1 [Restricted travel, see p. 187--Analyst]

3:Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927
AF13 Northwest China AF13

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Map of Sinkiang (Chinese Turkestan) marking each oasis on the main trade route across the Gobi Desert
THE HEAVY LINE INDICATES THE ROUTE FOLLOWED BY THE WRITERS

[FOLDED MAP (A)]

[end map]

&Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927
AF13 Northwest China AF13

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Map of Sinkiang (Chinese Turkestan)

[FOLDED MAP (B)]

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AF13 Northwest China AF13

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Map of Sinkiang (Chinese Turkestan) marking each oasis on the main trade route across the Gobi
THE HEAVY LINE INDICATES THE ROUTE FOLLOWED BY THE WRITERS

FOLDED (C)

3;Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927
AF13 Northwest China AF13

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rade route across the Gobi Des

[FOLDED MAP (D)]

361 and the Mongols because through them the land was united with the kingdom and has remained thus ever since.

continues to be broad and rises evenly. It continues to be monotonous. After a little more than 20 kilometers, one comes to the town of Tschen hai pu, opposite which on the north side of the river lies the town of To ba (pronounced: Do ba) which is also surrounded by high and strong walls. According to the old chronicles, To ba was on several occasions superior commercially to the city of Hsining. In 1895 it was the chief headquarters of the Mohammedan insurrection. And when at that time the Chinese again gained the upper hand, this was the place that continued to be defended for a long time with great tenacity and with the courage of despair. Now To ba lies in ruins. Only a few farmers and small merchants cling to their native soil. The old mosque which Rockhill once visited and which was supposed to have been erected by Emperor Kang hi, has been leveled to the ground.

133 Above these two towns one leaves the rolling hilly country of the Hsining basin. From the treeless, loess-covered clay and sandstone mountains one suddenly comes into a high, stern and wild rocky mountain range consisting of granite and of slate which shows marked folds.

• 485 I did not reach Dankar (1) until twelve midnight and had the

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1. On maps one often sees the name "Tan kar." The name is pronounced Dankar. This is the Sinicized form of the Mongolian word Dunkur. This latter name applies to the whole district and there is also a small Buddhistic monastery by that name, a day's journey south of the city (see p. 280 ff.).

greatest difficulty finding lodgings even outside the gates in the open suburb. (2) All the inns were crowded with fish dealers who

2. The once flourishing suburb occupied by Mohammedans was treacherously attacked and devastated by the Chinese inhabitants of the city during the great rebellion. Many thousands of Mohammedans were killed.

come up from Lanchow fu in winter time. There was nowhere a

free spot to be found. We were soon tired of searching and so we 485
set up our tent in a quiet corner and drove the ponies into an empty, unclaimed courtyard, of which there are a great many since the last Mohammedan rebellion. We set up the tent in order to "make the face attractive," as the Chinese say and so that people would not say: the European lay down in the street. But the wind kept blowing the tent down and so we lay in the open street after all; on top of everything, the temperature was 20°.

In the early morning we then found an inn (Plate XXXVIII). We were even obliged to call it a good one because the doors could be locked, but of course the guest had to bring his own lock. I immediately handed out a list of the things we still needed. Even tall Tschang hurried forth to do errands, although it would perhaps be more accurate to say he deigned to set out in order to look for things. He always undertook only those commissions that gave promise of the most profit for himself. Another servant repaired the windows of my room so well with tissue paper that the smoke from the wood fire which was lit on the floor of my room, presumably to warm me, made the tears run down my cheeks. Thus, the rare advantage of a 354
hotel room with a door that locked was rather illusory. In the end it 132
was better to warm one's hands at a blazing wood fire in an open court. In Dankar there is /177/ neither coal nor charcoal to be had, I might almost say, a proof of the fact that one is no longer in China. I need not say that nobody knows how to build a stove. The people of Dankar, Hsining and other places in highland China and Tibet have the sun to keep them warm in winter. Every day, even in December and January, women and children can be seen in a sheltered corner beside a wall, going about their usual business. Even though the air is several degrees below freezing, the sun is so warm that one does not feel the cold. Little children play out of doors from early morning on, dressed in only a short jacket with perhaps sock-like shoes on their little feet. But you never hear them complain about the cold. If you enter a yamen, you see the secretaries carrying their tables and chairs out of their offices and painting at their legal documents in the warmth of the sun.

At noon I had a call from the ting of Dankar, a friendly, middle- 57
aged gentleman from South China. The major of the town had called earlier and taken the occasion to offer me for sale a very lean pony. The ting came on behalf of the amban of Hsining in order again to confer with me about my journey to the Koko Nor. The amban I was told, requested me to wait another few weeks until

[text continues on p. 294]

361 563 443 Dankar is a most interesting place, compared to the eternal monotony of other Chinese cities and city dwellers. And no wonder. It is the most important gate into Northeast Tibet! There is no other city until one gets to Tatsienlu in the south that has such convenient connecting roads into the interior of Tibet as well as into the rich trade sources of the lowlands toward the coast. Not only the nomads living around the Koko Nor, but also the Tsaidam Mongols, even those from Tätschinär, Lhasa merchants and inhabitants of the Tibetan province of K'am all come to Dankar. They all get edibles, primarily. For many tribes the market place of Dankar, or Dunkur gäsching, as they say, is almost the only /180/ place where they can trade in their wool, skins and salt for their annual supply of flour, tea, and luxury items. The Tibetans of the northeast have become economically completely dependent on the Chinese.

●485 437 631 The practical-mindedness of Chinese officials, which is always bent on the cheapest possible management, has drawn its own advantages from this and prepared its administrative regulations accordingly. From olden times there has existed in Dankar the arrangement of the hsiē dia (hsiē kia) (1), that is, officially-recog-

1. hsie means "to rest"; kia means "house" or "family" (pronounced dia in the Hsining dialect).

nized lodgings for nomads. In former times each tribe even had its own particular hsiē dā where only the members of one tribe might live as long as they were in the city. Today this system has changed insofar as the nomads may freely choose their hsiē dia, but everyone still adheres strictly to the rule that Tibetans and Mongols do not use the ordinary inns, but that these are open only to Chinese. There are about thirty hsiē dia in Dankar. Their innkeepers, Chinese or Mohammedans, must buy the right to house Tibetans or Mongols from the Chinese municipal board. They are wealthy people who, besides a spacious house also have large stables and cattle yards with room enough to take in a Tibetan with 300 yaks who arrives one day and a Mongol who arrives the next with almost as many camels.

The hsiē dia arrangement is ancient. We learn about it also from Huc and Gabet, the two French Lazarists who came to Dankar in 1845 dressed as Mongolian lamas. Huc tells definitely that as a Mongol he could find shelter only in such a house. In the

hsiē dia the guests are charged nothing for lodging and food. Ac- 485 ●
cording to the general custom of the country, the innkeeper makes 437
his money only on those who have something to sell. He negotiates 631
the wool sales of his guests, the sale or exchange of horses; he is
agent and interpreter, as well as lawyer in the yamen and mediator
in criminal cases between the tribe and the mandarin. However,
this versatile role of an innkeeper is not a Chinese invention. Far
in the interior of Tibet and far south, even in Tatsienlu and in many
other Tibetan border towns I found it customary to balance the
hotel bill only by a certain percentage of the turnover. In Dankar
the Chinese officials have also imposed upon the hsiē dia (2) a

2. In Chinese hsiē dia is used both for the institution as well as for the owner and the employees.

certain responsibility and an obligation to give notice to the police, and in this way have made him at the same time a sort of representative of the Chinese yamen. For this reason one must always have a license in Dankar in order to take in Tibetans and Mongol from the interior; this costs 60-100 taels. Through the hsiē dia the officials learn who comes and goes. Tribes who have not subjected themselves to the jurisdiction of the Chinese may not visit the market in Dankar. This is regarded as a great disadvantage for far and near the city is known for its cheap goods, especially food. For instance, the Ngolok dealers may never enter the city. They spend the night in some corner not far off. But with larger caravans, with goods, /181/ they cannot venture to appear in the city. They may not carry on trade. Their things would immediately be confiscated and they would be accused of some theft or robbery which some other Ngolok years ago may have committed against a Chinese or a wealthy Tibetan and which the Chinese mandarins had not had a chance to punish, as in the case of the Denang. The Chinese Kansu government does not have a single military post in all of Northeast Tibet and yet their officials control a very large part of the country, with the exception of Ngolokhkaksum which nominally belongs to Szechwan.

In the year 1894 when the well-known French traveler Dutreuil 000
de Rhins was robbed and murdered in K'ami and the French government insisted on punishment for the criminals, the Chinese officials first had the hsiē dia in Dankar arrest all the people of that tribe who had come to trade in the city. By means of these hostages they

133 part of this mighty chain which I was now crossing with my caravan had been indicated on our maps as the Siansibel chain since the time of General Prschewalski's journeys. Up to now it was not clear whether this chain discovered by Prschewalski had any connection with the Semenov Mountains. Now as a matter of fact, in the eyes of the natives, Siansibel is only a pass which I myself crossed on the following day and which I discovered to be 3,800 meters high. The mountain range around the pass does not have any particular name for the natives, they give names to peaks and passes only. Thus, it is possible in Tibet to proceed after the fashion of recent Russian explorers and introduce foreign, if possible proper names for the individual ranges. These foreign names have the advantage of showing immediately that they are not local designations, but that they have been introduced by individual travelers in their explorations and in their effort to untangle the knotty problem of Tibetan Mountains. If, as our knowledge grows, we realize that the demarcation of individual mountains has been wrong, we have found that European designations of mountain ranges are easier to change than ostensibly local names.

487 Up on the top of the Siansibel Pass we came upon the large
● 485 caravan road that leads from Bayan Nor and Kabatalen across the
712 tala to the south and along which - as I now noticed for the first time - there stand loam fortresses every 25 - 30 kilometers, as a protection for travelers against nocturnal attacks. We continued to follow this road and set up Camp 17 within such a loam fortress. The loam walls had been erected probably half a century before by Chinese soldiers. Now they stood empty and partly in ruins but within them we felt infinitely relaxed and safe. I slept like a god between the three walls that still stood upright, in spite of snow and hail which were accompanied by an icy westwind.

133 The descent south from the Siansibel Pass is extremely gentle.
316 Already at an altitude of 3,600 meters one leaves the Semenov Mountain range and thereupon has a wide view across a new steppe which slopes toward the southeast, and once more looks down on a longitudinal valley covered with rubble. A few brooks have cut a bed 200 meters deep into this rubble, and far in the southeast a long, dark crevice with vertical walls stood out sharply against the pale yellow gleam of the steppe. "In that flows the Hwang Ho," my H'an said immediately. He had formerly often come through this region in search of gold and had even, on his way home, gone down the Hwang Ho on a raft. The river flows so deep down that one can see its waters only when one steps close to the edge of the fissure.

133 March 27. We followed the deep ravine of Ka ts'a farther down. On the edge of the brook there was only a narrow strip of winter ice. Palm catkins were in bloom and the buds of the trees that covered the steep slopes had begun to swell. Early spring had begun here. At night the minimum temperature was still -5°, but during the day the thermometers went up to as much above zero. Married couples were plowing on the narrow strips of fields farther down in the valley; two yak oxen were unwillingly pulling the clumsy hook-shaped plow under the vigorous beating of the powerful young women.

After we had passed a few villages and a small monastery we were again at the banks of the Yangtze Kiang. The valley was now still deeper than I had seen it up in Lamda and Tombu mda. It had here become a deep impassable gash in the rock through which a greenish-blue ribbon was winding its way between naked brown ribs of rock. The clear waves were entirely free of ice, only here and there deep in the valley the eye caught sight of a little white flake where the water dashed against cliffs or fell over boulders. From our great height the stream which at this point is over 700 kilometers from its source, looked quite insignificant. (Plate XXXI). One felt as though one could look into its heart. High above its present water-mark was the line of its summer rise. It then has four times as much water as it has now in early spring. There is of course water from the melting winter snow but this amounts to so little that it has no effect on the water level. At the end of March the west winds have diminished in force but they still prevailed and the southeast monsoon had not yet set in.

485 March 28. We spent the night in our tents which we had set up beside a village. The inhabitants were used to passing travelers and did not look at us very closely so that they had nothing to criticize. They demanded a quarter rupee from us for using the campsite, for dry argol and a huge pile of straw which my animals cleaned up during the night. Although in Dergi as well as in Nan tsien only coined money is accepted, there is no small change, and thus for payments of amounts less than a rupee, a piece of silver is cut up, and one pays literally a fourth, a third or half a rupee.

491 The night was cloudy and in the morning thick, wet snow covered us. When it cleared at eight o'clock we quickly packed up and, after an exhausting ride at full speed up hill and down dale, it was two o'clock when we reached the ferry across the Yangtze Kiang which is supposed to be called Tschomdo and where the big road crosses over to the left bank. There are two huts of loam standing